Northern Messenger

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'Recompense.'

We are quite sure
That he will give them back—bright, fair, and beautiful—
We know He will but keep
Our own, and His, until we fall asleep:
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean, though heaven be fair,
To change the spirits entering there,
That they forget,
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.
He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us, that when most I would feel sad
I just begin to think about the gladness
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go.

My lost, my own, and I
Shall have so much to see together by and by.
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet; if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and by.
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes.
And that His heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy for you and me,
As we have suffered most. God never made
Spirit for spirit, shade for shade,
And placed them side by side,
So wrought in one, though separate, mystified,
And meant to break
The quivering threads between when we shall wake.
I am quite sure we will be very glad,
Though for a little while we were so sad.

—'Lutheran Observer.'

'Children's Friend.'

'Tricky Religion.'

'Ethel, dear, will you open your heart to me and tell me why the one I thought more serious than any of my scholars at the opening of these glorious meetings has refrained from taking a stand for our Saviour, in spite of all pleadings?'

The hand in that of the teacher trembled, but the child thus addressed made no reply, and so her pleading friend continued:

'Something is keeping you from consecrating your young life to Christ, something which might, possibly, be removed if you would tell me where the trouble lies. Do you not feel any inclination to serve the One who died that you might live?'

'Yes, yes, teacher,' was the ready response, 'I'd love to be a Christian: I would truly, but, but—'

'But what, dear? Tell me frankly, for it breaks my heart to see my best-loved pupil out of the fold.'

'I—I don't like to tell, teacher, but it's folks that are keeping me out,' was the broken reply.

'Why, child, do you know that you are making the same excuse that has, I verily believe, kept more people out of the kingdom than all others combined? Am I one who, by bad example, is hindering you? Tell me, truly,' pleaded the faithful teacher.

'No, no! I'd love to be such a Christian as you are, for you are always so good, but it's other folks who talk so good in meeting, and—and—well, their religion is awful tricky, anyhow.'

'You are doubtless thinking of some of the older scholars who profess to serve Christ, but forget to be loyal to Him when out of meeting; but you must not look at them, for they are still young and have much to overcome. You do not need to look beyond your own home, Ethel, for examples worthy of imitation—your godly parents, I mean, who are so anxious for the salvation of their only child.'

'But—but it's them I mean!' blurted out the child. Then, realizing that her secret was out, which meant seeming disloyalty to her parents, the child tried to stammer some excuse, which ended in a sob.

The teacher drew the weeping child to her, but knew not what to think or say, for the parents of Ethel, though not cultured people, were looked upon, outside of the home at least, as exemplary Christians; and so teacher and scholar walked on in silence, broken only by the sighs of one and sobs of the other, until the latter said, brokenly:

'I didn't ever mean to tell 't was my own folks what was keeping me back, but it was out before I knew it.'

'Yes, dear, I understand,' said the teacher in a soothing tone; 'you did not intend to be disloyal to your good parents.'

'No, I didn't truly!' was the emphatic reply, 'for they are good, too, most times, and I love them, and if only they didn't have such tricky religion, I 'd like they want me to.'

'"Tricky religion"!' exclaimed the puzzled teacher; 'why, child I never heard of that kind before, but it is likely your way of saying that they are inconsistent.'

'I don't quite know the meaning of that last word teacher; but I'll own up what I mean. It is like this: Pa talks real good in meeting, but his religion is awful tricky!

Why, just last night 'fore he went to meeting he pounded his finger, and then I heard him use a swear-word. I did, truly, and I just can't forget how mad he gets at every little thing, when he up and asks prayers for his "little daughter."'

The latter words were said in a tone so sarcastic that the listener ventured a rebuke, but the child, seemingly determined to make her meaning clear, now that she had told so much, continued:

'And—and ma's religion is tricky, too. Yes, it is, for a fact!' persisted Ethel, as the teacher attempted to hush her. 'She talked so sweet in meeting to-night that she made lots of 'em cry; but when she begged sinners to confess Christ, and looked right at me, I wanted to do like some of the rest of them did, for about a minute, and then I thought how she scolded a blue streak this morning 'cause her bread was sour, and boxed my ears just as if I was to blame, and then I didn't feel one mite like going forward.'

The teacher was speechless, but the child voiced her sentiment when in a spirited tone she added:

'If there wasn't so much tricky religion folks wouldn't need to be coaxed to have the right kind.'—Selected.

Wanted a Christian Wife.

A well-known judge in one of the southern states, speaking of his younger days, says that some fifty years ago he had become skeptical, and that Mr. H.——, a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed deist, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out, and endeavored to instill in his mind his own deistical notions. 'But he charged me,' said the judge, 'not to let his wife know that he was a deist, or that he was skeptical.' I asked him why. To which he replied that if he were to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious woman.

'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor, it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error, she is a thousand times better off than we can be.'

I asked him if he knew of any other error, or system of errors, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself, and I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully, and to examine the subject for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in Jesus Christ, My Saviour.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

Two Singers.

A beautiful little incident is told concerning Jenny Lind and Grisi when they were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a court concert before the Queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi, that she was at a point of failure, when, suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and she took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive note floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive 'prayer.' Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look in the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.—'Commonwealth.'

Work in Labrador.

A DOCTOR VOLUNTEER.

Dr. Wakefield, who last year, at his own charges, came from England to Newfoundland, and took charge of the work at St. Anthony during Dr. Grenfell's absence, returned this year to undertake the same duties, giving up another season of valuable service to the cause. Before leaving England he attended and addressed the annual meeting of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. His account of the work, brief as it is, is full of interest.

Dr. Wakefield said:—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—It would be quite absurd for me to attempt to compress even a little corner of Labrador into ten minutes, and you will understand that it is impossible to adequately describe the breadth and scope of the work going on there in the time at my disposal. I will only just mention the Orphanage, with some 20 children, many of whom, I believe, would not have been alive had it not been for that institution, but who are now happy and healthy. The hospital, with which I was more particularly connected; the experimental farm and garden, the importance of which it would take me several minutes to explain; the co-operative store, the second-hand clothes shop, the industrial and technical schools, elementary schools, and more advanced classes. I cannot speak about all these to-night, but I want to tell you something about the hospital, where my work chiefly lay. I will tell you of a little boy who came into the hospital looking more like a skinned rabbit than anything else. He was very bad with consumption; he had consumption in his shoulder, in his hip, and in his leg, and he was jolly bad. After a time he began to improve, and one place after another got well. As he was getting better, he came to me one day—I was awfully rushed at the time, and very pressed for help—he came into the surgery, and said, 'Doctor, can I do anything to help you this morning?' I said, 'Yes, Willie, you can clean out the bottles for me.' He cleaned out the bottles, and he did it well and carefully. The next day he came again—'Doctor, can I do anything to help you?'—and he again cleaned out the bottles well and carefully, and so he came day after day, sometimes two or three times a day, when he might have been out playing with the other boys, and repeated his question, 'Doctor, can I do anything to help you?' and from cleaning the bottles he went on to cleaning some instruments for me, and from one thing to another until he was helping me to make up physic and weigh out powders. Everything he did was done carefully and well, nobody could have done it better. While Willie was at St. Anthony he learnt more than the way to wash out bottles and make up physic, and this was his way of following the Great Example. He tried to help others. I had a letter from Willie about Christmas-time saying that he was quite well and that he would like to be a doctor himself. I could go on for a long time telling you about the patients who come to St. Anthony, some of them from hundreds of miles away, and many of them are utterly unable to see any other doctor; they cannot get any other doctor than the Mission doctor. Many of them come as a last resort, considering themselves invalids for life; I am thankful to say that many of these go home quite cured. But I want to try and bring before you the difficulties under which we have to do this work. The hospital where I was at St. Anthony was supposed to have accommodation for 10 at the greatest possible crush. We used to get batches of 30 coming on one day. Of course, many of these there was no need to keep in the hospital, but many of them could only be treated in the hospital. Put yourself in the position of the doctor in charge, the hospital crammed full, patients coming hundreds of miles, with perhaps only this chance of seeing a doctor—what are you going to do? Send them away? Well, I confess that I do not think a sanitary inspector many times would have passed the crush we had in our hospital. The work has quite outgrown the accommodation. There was one oven; on that oven we cooked all the food for the servants, patients, and everybody; on that oven the instruments were sterilized for the operations, and we heated all the water that we needed for the dressings and patients; everything was done on one oven. The accommodation for the nursing department was so utterly meagre and bad that it would not have been tolerated for one moment in any little cottage hospital in this country. The nurses were working under the most extreme difficulty, owing to lack of accommodation in ways that I cannot describe—the accommodation is so utterly short of what is needed. Now, I had a letter less than five minutes before I entered this hall from Dr. Grenfell, telling me how urgent he considers the enlargement of this hospital. I think you will agree after what I have told you that it is really needed. The work is there. We are not trying to increase the work, we can hardly cope with the work we have, but the hospital is not there—not such a one as we need. It would take about £2,000, Dr. Grenfell says, to make that hospital such as it should be. If you could only see the need I think everyone would do his best to help.

Religious News.

Charles J. Ewald, of the Young Men's Christian Association, Buenos Ayres, says in 'The Student World,' that the National University at Buenos Ayres has over four thousand young men of the influential classes of the Argentine Republic. At least half of them come from the smaller cities and towns, and the city atmosphere in which these students live is not conducive to moral vigor. There is every encouragement to immorality and gambling, which are the great vices.

Not over ten percent of them are more than nominally identified with Roman Catholicism. Another ten percent take a hostile attitude toward the Roman Church. This hostility does not mean that there is any sympathy with evangelical Christianity. The great mass of students are indifferent, never having given any thought to religious questions. They believe in nothing. These conditions are not to be wondered at, for while the Roman Church has been steadily losing her hold upon these men the evangelical churches have been making no effort to reach them. So far as I know there are no members of Protestant churches in this great student body, yet I have found them open-minded, ready to give thought to this matter.

Through its athletics and language classes the Young Men's Christian Association has been establishing points of contact with the students. At the opening of the present college year we published a student guide which made a very favorable impression. A few of the students have become deeply interested in the study of the Bible. In this group we have some of the most influential men in the university. Three of them are champions in university athletics, all are excellent students. Recently the leading man in the group made a decision for the Christian life. He is perhaps the most popular man in the whole student body, a great athlete, being champion in three events in the university, and also the South American champion in two events, a senior medical student. He is now seriously considering the question of identifying himself with an evangelical church.

The Rev. L. C. Vass, who has just landed in London, informs us that Dr. Morrison and Dr. Sheppard have been summoned to appear before a court of the Kongo Independent State, at Leopoldville, to answer a charge of false accusation of some of the officers of the great Kassai Rubber Company, with reference to their mistreatment of the natives. We are, of course, concerned about this matter, although we do not think it probable that it will have any very serious results. We only feel sure that the Kongo authorities will go just as far as they can safely venture to go in the effort to get rid of the presence of our 'troublesome missionaries' in their country. These missionaries have not been able to hold their peace while they were witnessing the barbarities perpetuated by this great greedy monster which has been preying upon that helpless people in the financial interest of the stockholders of the company.—'Christian Observer.'

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1909.

Paul on Christian Love.

I. Cor. xiii., 1-13. Memory verse 8.

Golden Text.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I. Cor. xiii., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 23.—I. Cor. xiii., 1-13.
Tuesday, August 24.—Jas. ii., 1-9.
Wednesday, August 25.—Psalm cxxxiii.
Thursday, August 26.—Matt. xxii., 34-40.
Friday, August 27.—John xv., 10-17.
Saturday, August 28.—Luke x., 25-37.
Sunday, August 29.—I. John iv., 7-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

A little while ago we studied part of a letter that Paul wrote to some friends of his whom he loved very dearly, and to-day we are to study something that he wrote in another letter. In this letter he was writing to some people who had been quarrelling a bit and in consequence were quite unhappy, and he tells them about something that will be able to keep them happy all the time; something that is worth more than anything else they could have; something that the more they used it, the brighter and stronger and better it would grow; something that will last for ever and ever, and never get old or worn out. Does that sound like a fairy story? You know, a good many years ago, a great many men used to spend their whole lives looking for a wonderful stone that they thought was somewhere in the world, a stone that would turn anything that it touched into gold. Do you think that would be worth finding? I don't know, but I'm afraid not. We'd get very tired of having too much gold I think. If you can get hold of it anywhere, you read the story of 'King Midas and the Golden Touch' and see how sad his power of turning things to gold made him. However, a great many people thought such a power would be a great thing to have and didn't mind spending all their lives looking for it. Well, suppose we are all too sensible to want everything turned to gold, is there anyone here who would like to have bright sunny weather all the time? I'm afraid I didn't give you time to think or you never would have said yes. Why, if we had no rain all the flowers would die and the streams would dry up and soon we would all die, too. No, we need the rain, so we must all be willing to see it coming down, even if it does stop us from going out as we had planned. But suppose anyone told us about something that would make every day happy whether it was sunny or dark with clouds, something that would make everybody happy whether they were rich or poor, do you think that would be worth having? Yes, indeed, and it is about this very thing that Paul tells us in our lesson to-day. Does anyone know what it is called? It is a little word of just four letters, a little word that you have all heard and know something about, and we call it love. If we love God, and the people about us, and the beautiful world in which God has put us, we shall be happy, so don't you think it is well worth while to get and to keep this wonderful thing called love? But you must understand that you can't have this wonderful power of making yourself and other people happy just by 'wanting' to have it; you have got to 'do' something to get it. You know those men who looked for the wonderful stone that was to make everything gold, searched and worked and dug for it, often going hungry so as to spend all their money on hunting for the stone, and a gardener, if he plants a flower in the garden that he wants to grow, waters it, digs away the weeds, keeps the worms and caterpillars from harming it, and really works hard to have it grow. Do you think it is very easy to just say 'I'm going to love everybody' and then do it? Why, no; anything that is worth having costs you something to get, and so does love. Let us see what Paul tells us we will have to do, and what we will have not to do, if we are really going to have the right kind of love.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The difficulty with this lesson will be rather where to stop than anything else. It is one of the finest pieces of all Paul's writings, and coming in where it does seems all the more beautiful. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians is rather unique in that it was distinctly a letter of reproof. He had heard of their dissensions, their wrong doing, their contempt of some Christian powers to the undue exaltation of others, their disorderly church services, their arrogant assumption of authority and the state of affairs cried out to him for reproof. Although he is not slow to put their wrongdoing plainly before them (I. Cor. iii., 1-3; iv., 18-21; v., 1, 2, 6; vi., 5-8; viii., 2, 12; xi., 17, 18, 21, 22, 30; xiv., 36, 40; xv., 33, 34), and to reproove them sharply, he constantly pleads his love for them, such love as that of an earnest father, and in the midst of his letter rises to such exaltation in the strength of his feeling that we have left to us this exquisite little psalm of love. It would be profitable to study in connection with this the other prominent Bible references to love, such as may be found especially in John's writings, but are thickly scattered all through the Bible; the love of God to man, the duty of love to our neighbors, and the desire that God has for the love of man. Biblical examples of Paul's statements regarding love might be given, for instance, Joseph's treatment of his brethren would illustrate the love that suffers long and is kind; John the Baptist's generous reception of the news of the increasing popularity of Christ (John iii., 27-30) shows the love that 'envieth not'; Jonathan's willingness to be second to David instead of king himself, the love that 'vaunteth not itself'; and David's love for Absalom, the love that 'beareth, . . . hopeth, . . . endureth all things.' Paul states eight things positively of love, and eight things also that love will not do. He declares the transitory nature of three Christian powers about which there was much dissension in the Corinthian church (verse 8) and places against these the three abiding Christian virtues or graces which were the most worthy of cultivation. Faith, in the sense of conscious communion with the eternal, hope, in the sense of confidence in the glories yet to be, will abide for ever, but love is the all-including, all-enveloping power which is greatest of all, for love is the very nature of God Himself.

SELECTIONS.

'Love is a compound thing, Paul tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the spectrum of love, the analysis of love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day; that they are things which can be practised by every man in every place in life; and how by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the 'summum bonum,' is made up?

'As every lovely hue is light,
So every grace is love.'

The spectrum of love has nine ingredients:

Patience—"Love suffereth long."
Kindness—"And is kind."
Generosity—"Love envieth not."
Humility—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."
Courtesy—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."
Unselfishness—"Seeketh not her own."
Good Temper—"Is not easily provoked."
Guilelessness—"Thinketh no evil."
Sincerity—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

These make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man.'—Professor Drummond.

But note that as light 'is a something more than the sum of its ingredients—a glowing, dazzling, tremulous ether, so love is something more than all its elements—a palpitating, quivering, sensitive, living thing. By synthesis of all the colors, men can make whiteness, they cannot make light. By synthesis of all the virtues, men can make virtue, they cannot make love.'

'Is not easily provoked.' The revised version omits 'easily,' as giving a false coloring. It does not lose its temper. 'We are inclined to look upon bad temper,' says Professor Drummond, 'as a very harmless weakness. We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. No form of vice is more base; not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to un-Christianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone.

'Analyze as a study in temper the thunder-cloud itself as it gathers upon the Elder Brother's brow, in the parable of the Prodigal Son. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of an ill temper. There is really no place in heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make heaven miserable for all the people in it.'

But this must be distinguished from the temper which can blaze in fiery indignation against wrongs against man. Love can flame like a volcano, and ought to on occasion.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 29.—Topic—Doth God care for oxen? I. Cor. ix., 9. (Band-of-Mercy meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 23.—Our invitation to the world. Isa. lviii., 6-9.

Tuesday, August 24.—Justice for all. Deut. i., 15-18.

Wednesday, August 25.—Kindness to all. Deut. xxiv., 17-22.

Thursday, August 26.—Christ for all. Tit. ii., 11-15.

Friday, August 27.—All for Christ. I. John ii., 1, 2.

Saturday, August 28.—The Bible our bulwark. Deut. iv., 5-9.

Sunday, August 29.—Topic—Home missions: Our cosmopolitan population. Luke xiii., 22-30.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

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Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

G. R. F., C.B.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday School, and we all like it. I think it is the best paper for children. I go to day school every day. We have had the same teacher for twelve years, and like him well. He is nice and kind. I can go to the schoolhouse in three minutes, and to the post office on the other side in three minutes, but I am sorry to say that the church is six miles from us. I have one brother and two sisters, and two brothers and two sisters in heaven. My brother and my elder sister are in Boston, but the other is home.

NEIL A. McCUSPIC (age 10 years).

S., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I was pleased to see my other letter published and my drawing also. I shall answer Clifford Grant's problem (June 18)—a clock. It is school holidays now. I live in the country. When winter comes we have a good place to skate on the ice. I can skate. When school days come I go to school every day. I went two terms, and only missed six days. I got the roll of honor for regularity and punctuality. I was not late once, all the time I was going to school, that is ever since I started, which is three years ago.

ETHEL LAW.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday School quite regularly. There is a library there, and as I am very fond of reading I enjoy it very much. I received my Maple Leaf brooch, and I thank you for it. I tried the entrance examination, but failed. My sister also tried and passed. I received a diploma and a Bible for repeating the shorter catechism. I am going to join the Royal League of Kindness.

LIBBIE M. BOYLE.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school, and the class I am in is the senior third. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and we get the 'Messenger.' I like reading the little stories. We have taken it for six years. My papa is a storekeeper at M., and we like living here. I am going to join the Royal League of Kindness, and will try to keep the pledge. I hope all the boys and girls are having a happy time during holidays.

JEANIE E. SMITH (age 9).

H. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would like to. Our day-school teacher has the Sunday School held in our schoolhouse every Sunday, as we live a long way from church. I live on a farm, but it is very rocky. Great rocks and hills are to be seen in this part of the country. Our teacher had Arbor Day at school to-day, and we had great fun cleaning the yard and making flower beds. We have a new flag-pole in the school-yard.

L. H.

V. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have taken the 'Messenger' for 21 years. We were shut in for fourteen days with smallpox just lately. I guess this is all for this time.

E. C. BALL.

Belfast, Ireland.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Irish girl 12 years old, living in the city of Belfast. I go to the Methodist Sunday School. My father is secretary of the evening school. I have two brothers, one older and one younger than myself. They are on their holidays at present with our grandmother in the country, near Enniskillen. A kind friend in America sends the 'Messenger' to grandma, and she sends it on to us. It is a nice little paper, I don't know what we would do without it.

GRETTA W.

N. H., C.B.

Dear Editor,—We are having such beautiful weather here now. It is so warm to-day, and I feel a little lazy, so I thought I would write a letter to this dear little paper. It is holiday time now and we are having fine times. Strawberries are ripe, and a friend and I go often to pick them. I am sending a drawing, I hope it will be acceptable, and be nice enough to be put in the paper. I get the 'Northern Messenger' from an aunt every week, and I love to read the stories. The pages I like best are the boys' and girls' correspondence, and also the little folks.

ESTHER E. DOWLING.

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We had a Sunday School picnic this summer at the Cape Rocks. While we were there a three-masted schooner went up by. I will be in grade seven after holidays. I expect soon to go to Grindstone Island.

GUY RUSSELL.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Bell.' Vera A. Miller (age 9), A. Ont.
2. 'A Robin.' Russell Wood (age 9), A. Ont.
3. 'A Butterfly.' Laura M. Ball (age 11), V. H., Ont.
4. 'Ship George Stearling.' W. Colburn (age 13), W. H., N.S.
5. 'A Bonnet.' E. C. Ball, V. H., Ont.
6. 'A Pansy.' Carrie Boyle (age 7), G., Ont.
7. 'A Flag.' W. Colburn (age 13), W. H., N.S.
8. 'The Raven.' L. B. Cairns (age 15), O.
9. 'Toads.' Jennie A. Marshall (age 13), S. L., Ont.

Princesses Who Knew How to Romp.

'The strong desire of the little Grand Duchesses of Russia was always to be good. Needless to say, they did not always succeed, and one day they were playing rather noisily, and old Mrs. O——(who had brought up the Tsaritsa) came into the room. She began to rebuke me for letting them romp, and declared that their mother had never made a noise in all her life. And I said—

'"We have all heard so often that the Tsaritsa was a perfect angel when she was a child, but she has only given me human children to look after." Olga was listening, and rushed across the room, threw her arms round me, and exclaimed earnestly—

'"I won't be a human child. I'll be an angel child too." She was greatly comforted when I told her I preferred her as she was.' From an article written by the Governess of the Princesses, and appearing in the 'Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine.'

A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

A very pleasing letter came in our 'Boys' Mail Bag' the other day, and though we do not give the names, we want to share the letter with our boy agents. Here it is:

A——, Ont., July 30, 1909.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Que.:

Dear Sirs,—In the absence of my boy, your 'Pictorial' agent here, and as I leave in a few hours myself for a month's vacation, I send you enclosed the sixty cents for his six August 'Pictorials,' so that you can mark them paid when you send them. Book him for six for September; he will be home then.

I am delighted to have my boys, first L——, then J——, selling papers for you. Long years ago my brother did the same, only with the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Witness,' and it was good training. Now he is a practicing M.D.

Please send receipt card for the enclosed sixty cents, not to me but to my boy, and the postmaster will forward so he will receive it. Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) J. M——

The elder son of this minister started in Aug., '07, sold every month without a break till Feb., '09, when he passed the agency over to his brother, who is going ahead in the same steady, painstaking way. Their home village is not big enough to make very large monthly sales—often for months the order would not run over six a month—so these brothers are a fine example of 'Many a mickle maks a muckle,' for between them they have had camera No. 2, a good quantity of photo supplies, a pocket search light, watch, a baseball mitt, a fountain pencil, not to speak of perseverance prizes, etc.

Who'll start in to follow this example? The popular water wings will be a fine premium to begin on. Send for eight copies (we trust you with them) and when you send the eighty cents you get the wings at once. A premium list and full particulars of our plan to be had for the asking.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

To-morrow.

Let those who are prone to procrastinate, remember this story. It is by such devices that Satan would keep men from doing their life-work:

'I will plough my field to-morrow,' said Jeannot. 'I must not lose any time, as the season is advancing; and if I neglect to cultivate my field I shall have no wheat, and, as a consequence, no bread.'

To-morrow arrived. Jeannot was up by daylight and was about going out to get his plough when one of his friends came to invite him to a family festival. Jeannot hesitated at first, but on reflecting a little he said, 'A day sooner or later makes no difference for my business, while a day of pleasure once lost is always lost.' He went to the festival of his friend.

The next day he was obliged to rest himself because he had eaten a little too much, and drank a little too much, and had a headache. 'To-morrow I will make up for this,' he said to himself.

To-morrow came; it rained. Jeannot, to his great grief, was unable to get out all day.

The following day it was fine and Jeannot felt himself full of courage; but unfortunately his horse was sick in his turn. Jeannot cursed the poor beast.

The following day was a holiday and he could not, of course, work. A new week had commenced, and in a new week a great deal of work may be done.

He began by going to a fair in the neighborhood; he had never failed to attend it, and it was the finest fair held within ten miles. He went afterward to a christening of a child of one of his nearest relations, and afterward to a burial. In short, he had so many things to occupy him that when he began to plough his field the season of sowing was past; thus he had nothing to reap.

When you have anything to do, do it at once; for if you are master of the present you are not so of the future, and he who always puts off his business till to-morrow runs a great risk of never being able to finish anything.—Selected.

Brace Up, Boys.

Once upon a time there was a boy who used to slouch along with the most ungainly, shambling gait. His shoulders drooped and his arms looked too long for anything. He knew that he didn't stand straight and look manly and strong like the other fellows who belonged to the boys' brigade, and it made him shy and awkward. His mother and he used to talk it over, and, finally they decided to do something about it. They couldn't afford a gymnasium and the boys' brigade didn't belong to their church. So they found a set of rules for bodily exercise and the boy practised them a dozen times a day during vacation, besides playing baseball and going fishing, and it was a surprise to his comrades when he went back to school to see how erect and self-confident he had become, with his head held up and his shoulders thrown back. It was hardly to be believed that this tall, straight youth was the same stoop-shouldered shrinking youngster of the last term. He was just the same persevering fellow, however, and he sends the rules which transformed him, for the benefit of any fellow who wants to brace up:—

1—Stand erect, 'head up,' chin in, chest out, shoulders back, at short intervals during the day, everytime you think of it in fact, and draw 10 long, deep breaths each time.

2—Walk about or run with from 5 lbs. to 40 lbs. weight on top of your head.

3—Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind your head and your elbows wide apart.

4—Make it a habit to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.

5—Try to look at the top of your vest or your necktie.

6—Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body as far as possible touching a vertical wall.

7—Practice the arm movements of breast-stroke swimming while standing or walking.

8—Carry an umbrella or cane behind the small of the back or behind the neck.

9—Walk with thumbs in the armholes of the vest.

10—Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day.

11—Look upward when walking.—'Farming World.'

He Loved His Job.

(The 'Circle.')

There's a hired man out in the country who gets up with the sun. One hundred and fifty acres depend on him—and not in vain. There are also three cows, two horses, and a litter of tiny pigs which put their trust in him—and win out.

A summer camp of fifty people swarm over the place, and he usually has to repair the damage. Several of the campers try farming every third day.

This hired man lives with his wife and his five daughters—oldest, twelve—in what was once a chicken coop. It is still attached to the barn, but last spring the hired man cleaned it out, hammered in some boards, and his wife did the rest. Now it's a romantic two-room cabin, neat as a pin.

Have you ever tried farming? It's fun to get up at 4.30 or 5.30—once in a while. Sometimes the air is white and brilliant and the light lies like snow on every blade of grass. It makes one breathless with its early glory. A handful of birds are tuning up; the skies are deepening into blue; there's a mist floating a foot deep over the sloping fields. Then is the time to get into the garden. Everything is sopped with dew, each leaf that brushes the hand is fresh and wet, and in the vast silence—no sound in all the miles around save scattered bird music—there is a joy in being close to mother earth. Her soil is moist and brown and fragrant, her depth and breadth are full of strength. And then suddenly on the very topmost spray of a blossoming pear tree a bobolink breaks into song. The music is so glad it lifts him up bodily and sends him winging into the sky, the song ascending in wild lisps with him.

There's a difference at eleven o'clock. Baking sod, broiling sun, smothering heat, and a sense of suffocation. Besides, the old earth is tough and it takes terrific whacks of a hoe to loosen her up. The arm gets numb with a cramp and the back seems to crack and break.

So the would-be farmer disappears and is found later in an easy chair, a pail of icy well water at one side, a novel in his hands.

One hundred and fifty acres are a vast territory on a hot day. Eight head of live stock are a great care. Fifty city people can make life a burden. And a family of five little girls in a two-room cabin cannot be overlooked. So every one—and especially the every-third-day-farmers—felt very sorry for the hired man.

'It's a shame,' said one, 'that some men have to work so hard. It's a mule's life.'

'Oh, well,' said another cheerily, pulling on his pipe, 'some day there'll be machinery to do all the drudge work.'

That was very comforting, indeed. But out in the hayfield the hired man with his scythe was slashing great wads of grass. His whole body swung back and forth with the shining blade in a perfect rhythm, and on and on he went through the dazzling sunshine. Now and then he wiped the drip from his forehead. 'Some day' didn't seem to interest him or comfort him—he was actually up against it; there was a job to do and he had to do it. He did it.

And this is the strange thing about it. That hired man was the cheeriest man on the farm.

He wasn't an extraordinary man, he wasn't a genius—he was a simple man. But he was all there; he knew how to energize every particle of his being; he was strenuous.

It took three weeks of conversation in passing to get him in a corner and make him speak. It was late in the afternoon, and he sat on the woodpile. His face was Indianlike with sun and wind, and there was that liquid light about his eyes that speaks of the open and the earth.

'It's a hard life, farming,' said some one, 'isn't it?'

'Guess any job's hard if you do it right,' he answered.

'Yes, hard in a way. But farming—it takes

BOYS! REMEMBER OUR SUMMER COMPETITION!

A Short, Sharp Snap! Seize It!

All boy or girl readers are invited to enter our summer competition for the largest total sales of the July and August issues of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents a copy.

Only orders received up to August 20 will be counted so that the results may be announced early in September.

A NEW yearly subscription to the 'Pictorial,' sent at $1.00, for Canada (outside Montreal), will count as ten copies sold.

Competitors will be divided into four classes, and there will be one prize in each class.

CLASS 1.—Boys (or girls) living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia.

CLASS 2.—Boys (or girls) living in Ontario and Quebec (Montreal excepted.)

CLASS 3.—Boys (or girls) living in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or Newfoundland.

CLASS 4.—Boys (or girls) who have not won a prize in one of the other classes and who live in any part of Canada in country places having not over 1,000 population.

The largest total sales for July and August in each class gets the prize.

The prize in each class will be your choice of the following:—

1.—Standard quality baseball and a pitcher's glove, any size.

2.—Bamboo Fishing Rod and Tackle.

3.—Box of student's water color paints—fine quality.

4.—Passe partout outfit, large size.

5.—Brownie Camera No. 1 with two rolls of films and developing powders.

6.—Gold filled locket and chain (20 year quality.)

REMEMBER! Premiums or cash profits; bonus rubber stamps or perseverance prizes go on just the same whether you get a prize or not. The prize is an EXTRA, over and above all other rewards for the boy (or girl) in each class who has the largest number of 'Pictorials' to his credit during July and August.

BOYS at the SEASIDE should not neglect the splendid chance they have among summer visitors. Mention your home address as well as your summer address when you send your order.

NEW RECRUITS WELCOMED to our 'Pictorial' Army at any time. Just drop us a card for a package of 'Pictorials' to start your sales on, a premium list and full particulars of our whole plan.

N.B.—Montreal city boys call at our office for all supplies and for special offer to them.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

ALL ABOARD FOR A BRISK CAMPAIGN

it out of a man—you drudge all day and aren't worth a rap at night, and you have to be at it rain or shine and everlasting. It's drudgery.'

The hired man looked at us sharply and then chuckled.

'I ain't that kind of a farmer,' he said. 'I reckon nothing's drudge work when your heart and your brain and your spirit are in it.'

'In hoeing and raking, planting and mowing?'

'Say,' he murmured, 'didnt it ever strike you as there's different sorts o' people in this world? That's my way of thinking. One is born to the law, and another to the church, and another to carpentering. One boy loves to play with tools and another with books. Well, sir, I reckon I was born a farmer.'

'What! you love farming?'

'Reckon I do.' He 'wried' up his face and laughed. 'I'd rather run a clean furrow down a field than do anything I can think of. There's a fellow up here what's a poet, ain't there? '

'He'd like to be, anyway,' some one suggested.

'Look at me. Say,' he burst out with a roar, 'I'd make a queer fist writing poetry, wouldn't I?'

'He would make a queerer fist working a farm.'

'There you got it,' he cried, 'that's it! A man's born into something—humble or high. I haven't a doubt some fellows can work in a railway gang better than anything else, others can break stones. And here's my way of thinking—let a fellow follow his bent, and then go at at with his heart, and his brain and his spirit, and he'll know the joy of being alive.

No one felt sorry for the hired man after that. He is still on the job. He is a specialist and knows his business, and, more, he loves it.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

EIGHTH EVENING.

Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and the Moon did not make his appearance at all. I stood in my little room, more lonely than ever, and looked up at the sky where he ought to have shown himself. My thoughts flew far away, up to my great friend, who every evening told me such pretty tales, and showed me pictures. Yes, he has had an experience indeed. He glided over the waters of the Deluge, and smiled on Noah's ark just as he lately glanced down upon me, and brought comfort and promise of a new world that was to spring forth from the old. When the Children of Israel sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, he glanced mournfully upon the willows where hung the silent harps. When Romeo climbed the balcony, and the promise of true love fluttered like a cherub toward heaven, the round Moon hung, half hidden among the dark cypresses, in the lucid air. He saw the captive giant at St. Helena, looking from the lonely rock across the wide ocean, while great thoughts swept through his soul. Ah! what tales the Moon can tell. Human life is like a story to him. To-night I shall not see thee again, old friend. To-night I can draw no picture of the memories of thy visit. And, as I looked dreamily towards the clouds, the sky became bright. There was a glancing light, and a beam from the Moon fell upon me. It vanished again, and dark clouds flew past; but still it was a greeting, a friendly good-night offered to me by the Moon.

NINTH EVENING.

The air was clear again. Several evenings had passed, and the Moon was in the first quarter. Again he gave me an outline for a sketch. Listen to what he told me.

'I have followed the polar bird and the swimming whale to the eastern coast of Greenland. Gaunt ice-covered rocks and dark clouds hung over a valley, where dwarf willows and barberry bushes stood clothed in green. The blooming lychnis exhaled sweet odors. My light was faint, my face pale as the water lily that, torn from its stem, has been drifting for weeks with the tide. The crown-shaped Northern Light burned fiercely in the sky. Its ring was broad, and from its circumference the rays shot like whirling shafts of fire across the whole sky, flashing in changing radiance from green to red. The inhabitants of that icy region were assembling for dance and festivity; but, accustomed to this glorious spectacle, they scarcely deigned to glance at it. "Let us leave the souls of the dead to their ball-play with the heads of the walruses," they thought in their superstition, and they turned their whole attention to the song and dance. In the midst of the circle, and divested of his furry cloak, stood a Greenlander, with a small pipe, and he played and sang a song about catching the seal, and the chorus around chimed in with, "Eia, Eia, Ah." And in their white furs they danced about in the circle, till you might fancy it was a polar bear's ball.

'And now a Court of Judgment was opened. Those Greenlanders who had quarrelled stepped forward, and the offended person chanted forth the faults of his adversary in an extempore song, turning them sharply into ridicule, to the sound of the pipe and the measure of the dance. The defendant replied with satire as keen, while the audience laughed, and gave their verdict. The rocks heaved, the glaciers melted, and great masses of ice and snow came crashing down, shivering to fragments as they fell: it was a glorious Greenland summer night. A hundred paces away, under the open tent of hides, lay a sick man. Life still flowed through his warm blood, but still he was to die—he himself felt it, and all who stood round him knew it also; therefore his wife was already sewing round him the shroud of furs, that she might not afterwards be obliged to touch the dead body. And she asked, "Wilt thou be buried on the rock, in the firm snow? I will deck the spot with thy "kayak," and thy arrows, and the "angekokk" shall dance over it. Or wouldst thou rather be buried in the sea?" "In the sea," he whispered, and nodded with a mournful smile. "Yes, it is a pleasant summer tent, the sea," observed the wife. "Thousands of seals sport there, the walrus shall lie at thy feet, and the hunt will be safe and merry!" And the yelling children tore the outspread hide from the window-hole, that the dead man might be carried to the ocean, the billowy ocean, that had given him food in life, and that now, in death, was to afford him a place of rest. For his monument, he had the floating, ever-changing icebergs, whereon the seal sleeps, while the storm bird flies round their gleaming summits!'

TENTH EVENING.

'I knew an old maid,' said the Moon. 'Every winter she wore a wrapper of yellow satin, and it always remained new, and was the only fashion she followed. In summer she always wore the same straw hat, and I verily believe the very same grey-blue dress.

'She never went out, except across the street to an old female friend; and in later years she did not even take this walk, for the old friend was dead. In her solitude my old maid was always busy at the window, which was adorned in summer with pretty flowers, and in winter with cress, grown upon felt. During the last months I saw her no more at the window, but she was still alive. I knew that, for I had not yet seen her begin the "long journey," of which she often spoke with her friend. "Yes, yes," she was in the habit of saying, "when I come to die, I shall take a longer journey than I have made my whole life long. Our family vault is six miles from here. I shall be carried there, and shall sleep there among my family and relatives." Last night a van stopped at the house. A coffin was carried out, and then I knew that she was dead. They placed straw round the coffin, and the van drove away. There slept the quiet old lady, who had not gone out of her house once for the last year. The van rolled out through the town-gate as briskly as if it were going for a pleasant excursion. On the high-road the pace was quicker yet. The coachman looked nervously round every now and then—I fancy he half expected to see her sitting on the coffin, in her yellow satin wrapper. And because he was startled, he foolishly lashed his horses, while he held the reins so tightly that the poor beasts were in a foam: they were young and fiery. A hare jumped across the road and startled them, and they fairly ran away. The old sober maiden, who had for years and years moved quietly round and round in a dull circle, was now, in death, rattled over stock and stone on the public highway. The coffin in its covering of straw tumbled out of the van, and was left on the high-road, while horses, coachman, and carriage flew past in wild

THE OLD MAID.

career. The lark rose up carolling from the field, twittering her morning lay over the coffin, and presently perched upon it, picking with her beak at the straw covering, as though she would tear it up. The lark rose up again, singing gaily, and I withdrew behind the red morning clouds.'

ELEVENTH EVENING.

'I will give you a picture of Pompeii,' said the Moon. 'I was in the suburb in the Street of Tombs, as they call it, where the fair monuments stand, in the spot where, ages ago, the merry youths, their temples bound with rosy wreaths, danced with the fair sisters of Laïs. Now, the stillness of death reigned around. German mercenaries, in the Neapolitan service, kept guard, played cards, and diced; and a troop of strangers from beyond the mountains came into the town, accompanied by a sentry. They wanted to see the city that had risen from the grave illumined by my beams; and I showed them the wheel-ruts in the streets paved with broad lava slabs; I showed them the names on the doors, and the signs that hung there yet: they saw in the little courtyard the basins of the fountains, ornamented with shells; but no jet of water gushed upwards, no songs sounded forth from the richly-painted chambers, where the bronze dog kept the door.

(To be Continued.)

The Sentry's Lesson.

(Cottager and Artisan.')

A general, after gaining a great victory, was encamping with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all round the camp as usual.

One of his sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself, and said: 'Why could not the General let us have a quiet night's rest for once after beating the enemy? I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of.'

The man then went to his station and stood for some time looking about him. It was a bright summer's night with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said:

'I am terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree.' So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had pushed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the moon was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him.

The next minute a bullet whizzed past his ear, and the whole field before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark green coats, who sprang up from the ground, where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed towards him.

Fortunately, the bullet had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved; and the soldier said: 'I shall never forget as long as I live that when one is at war, one must watch.'

The Christian's life, too, is a constant warfare, and our Lord says to us, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.'

Margaret's Fortune.

(Marion Brier, in the 'American Messenger.')

Such a crowd as it was: one hundred tired mothers and pale-faced children crowded beside the track waiting for the car that was to take them to the country for a long, beautiful day.

Margaret Byrnes watched their thin, eager faces with a sympathetic happiness tugging at her heart. Then she turned to watch Eleanor Willis almost enviously as she passed swiftly among them, distributing tickets and seeing that nothing had been forgotten in the great baskets of lunch that she had provided. It must be beautiful to be able to do a thing like that. But not many had the money to do it with.

The car rolled in and the happy throng swarmed up the steps as if afraid some mischance might make them miss the delights of the day at the last minute. Margaret stood and watched them until the last mother and her four little ones were safely aboard and the car had disappeared around the corner on its way toward the fields and flowers and fresh air.

All day she could not keep the thought of that happy carload out of her mind, and even the next day, when she had returned to her own home in a smaller city, the thought of it was still with her. She gave her mother an enthusiastic account of it all and then ended slowly, 'I am almost sorry I made this visit to Eleanor; it makes me feel so useless since I came home. I never envied Eleanor her money before. She has a big, beautiful house, but I am just as contented in our cozy little home, and the dresses you make me suit me just as well as Eleanor's elegant clothes do her. But yesterday I did envy her the chance to make so many people happy so easily. I wish you could have seen those faces, mamma. Just think what money can do.'

Mrs. Byrnes smiled quietly as she said, 'Did you ever read a verse that said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee"?'

The next day Margaret harnessed Brownie to drive to the other end of town on an errand. Brownie was the one luxury they had brought with them from the old home and that they felt that they could not do without. It would have seemed almost like selling one of the family to sell Brownie. It was a beautiful day. Margaret's mind was still dwelling on the thin, tired faces she had seen in the city. How she wished she could send them all to the country for that day.

Just as she was starting Grandma Davis, as she was called by every one in the neighborhood, came slowly down the walk. The little brown house where she lived was less than a block away, but it was quite a long journey for the feeble steps. A sudden impulse made Margaret guide Brownie up to the walk and stop her. 'Oh, Grandma Davis, don't you want to take a ride with me?' she asked. 'I will have to go all alone if you don't and I want some one to talk to.'

The sweet, wrinkled face lighted up. 'I would like to go, dearie, if I can get into the buggy. I am not quite as spry as I used to be.'

'Oh, we can manage that all right,' Margaret assured her. 'You see this buggy is low and easy to get into.' She sprang out and carefully helped the little old lady in.

'It's the first ride I have had in five years. The last time was when I moved over here five years ago the tenth of last month,' Grandma Davis said presently as Brownie trotted up the street under the drooping branches of the great elms whose tops almost met overhead.

'And you have wanted to go! Why didn't you tell me?' Margaret spoke in quick contrition. 'Brownie and I could have taken you any day. Why didn't I ever think of it?'

'Now don't go to blaming yourself like that, dearie. I didn't mean to complain. Everybody is so kind to me I would be an ungrateful woman if I did. But I have thought so many times that I would like to see how the old place looks. You know we used to live over on Vine Street. My husband built that house more than fifty years ago. That was the summer before we were married and he used to come over to our place every evening to tell me how much he had got done and to discuss new improvements. I know every board and nail in that house. We went there right after the wedding and we lived there more than forty-five years. It seemed as if I couldn't bear it when I had to sell the place and move away after my husband died, and many is the day I have been so homesick for a sight of it that it seemed as if I couldn't stand it. Do you suppose we could go by there to-day? Would it be too much out of your way?' Her voice trembled a little with eagerness.

'Of course we will go by it,' Margaret assured her. 'I can't forgive myself for never finding out before that you wanted to go.'

'You mustn't feel that way about it, dearie. How could you know?' and a slender, wrinkled hand patted Margaret's arm. After that she grew quite excited, the dim eyes looking eagerly ahead watching for the first familiar landmark as they drew near Vine Street.

They drove by the house very slowly. 'See, the lilacs are in blossom,' the eager voice went on. 'We planted those bushes the first spring we lived here. And see how the vine over the porch has grown! It has run up and almost covered that window.'

'Just hold Brownie a minute, please. She will stand all right,' Margaret said, handing Grandma Davis the lines. She sprang out of the buggy and went up the walk to the door of the house. When she came back, her hands were full of lilacs from the bush about which so many memories clustered for Grandma Davis. She laid them in the little old lady's lap.

Half an hour later, when Margaret had carefully helped her out at her own door, Grandma Davis looked smilingly over this same armful of lilacs. 'You don't know how thankful I am to you, dearie,' she said. 'You have given me the greatest pleasure that you could give me.'

'Did you hear that, Brownie?' Margaret said softly as she unharnessed the pretty pony who pricked up her ears so understandingly. 'Do you suppose there is any one else who had been wanting a ride? We can't send a whole carload of poor people to the country, but we can give one person at a time a ride and we are going to see if we can find any one else who wants one.'

The 'some one else' the next day proved to be little crippled Harry Grey. Margaret had seen the child's pale face at the window almost every time she went down the street and had always felt sorry for the tiny boy, whose life was bounded by what he could see from that window; but it had never occurred to her that she could widen the horizon for him.

The little fellow drew a long breath when Brownie at last stopped once more in front of the house where the old rocking chair stood waiting for him by the window. 'It's been the nicest time I ever had,' he said. 'And I don't believe the days will ever seem so long again, because, you see, I'll have all the things I saw to-day to think about. I can make up stories about them.'

'Of course, you can,' Margaret agreed as she carried him into the house. 'And there will be more things to see too; for we are going again.'

There were many others after that. Sometimes it was a tired mother with a cross baby. And Margaret would be fascinated in watching the tired lines smooth out of the mother's face and the baby's face break into ripples of laughter. Sometimes it was the dressmaker who lived in the next block and who sewed from early morning until late at night, or the music teacher who came to give Myrtle lessons and who confessed that she was so homesick, she was almost ready to give up and go home. There was never any lack of some one to go. Sometimes it was one of the busy ones who only had time for a quick ride around two or three blocks, just enough to put a bit of brightness into the work; sometimes it was one of the lonely ones, and the ride stretched away out into the country and included a picnic lunch and the picking of great handfuls of wild flowers.

'Eleanor has sent another carload of poor mothers and children out into the country for a day. Isn't it lovely?' Margaret said, looking up from the letter that she was reading one day late in the summer.

It happened that Grandma Davis had just come in for a little visit and she looked up quickly. 'Yes,' she said, nodding her head, 'that is lovely. But I know something else that has been lovely this summer too. In fact I think it is even more lovely than what your friend has done; though that is a beautiful thing. But money couldn't buy the pleasure you and Brownie have given to a lot of us this summer, for you have given yourself to us. Money can supply tickets and lunches, but it can't supply sympathy and interest, and those go farther than the other. You and Brownie have done more good this summer and made more lives a little happier than you have any idea of, dearie.'

'Why, Grandma Davis, it was such a little thing,' Margaret protested. 'But I have often thought that if I had as much money as Eleanor, I would like to do just as she does. I think it is a beautiful way to spend it.'

Grandma Davis smiled. 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee,' she said softly.

As men go towards culture, they go towards lowliness and humbleness of mind and heart.—Malcolm J. McLeod.

LITTLE FOLKS

Chuckie Wuckie.

The first thing everybody says when meeting Chuckie Wuckie is, 'Why, what a funny name! Who gave it to you?'

And Chuckie Wuckie always answers, 'My papa found it for me.'

'Why did he give it to you?' they ask.

'Because, he says, I look just like a Chuckie Wuckie.'

'But what is a Chuckie Wuckie?' everybody persists in asking.

'I don't know,' Chuckie Wuckie answers gravely. 'My papa says there isn't any other Chuckie Wuckie in the world—that he knows of, at least.'

One summer it grew very, very hot, and the doctor advised Chuckie Wuckie's mamma to take her up in the mountains where the air was cool. Papa could not go with them, because he had work to do at his office, so mamma and Chuckie Wuckie prepared to go alone.

'Dear, dear!' said Chuckie Wuckie, while she sat watching her mamma pack her trunk—'dear, dear! Poor papa will be so lonesome!'

'Yes, we do wish he could go with us.'

'He won't forget we love him just as much, will he, if he thinks we are having a good time where we are and he is working down in the dusty old city, all alone, where it is hot?'

'No, indeed,' said mamma; 'he won't ever forget we love him. We will write a long letter every day, and tell him everything we do.'

Mamma went on folding little frocks and petticoats, rolling stockings into little balls, and tucking wads of tissue paper about little hats. Chuckie Wuckie sat very quiet for a long time; then she said, 'Mamma, will you please show me how to print "I love you?" You know I can make all the letters nicely, only I don't know how to put them together into any words, except "dog" and "cat" and my name.'

Mamma laughed. 'Of course, I will, dear,' she said. 'It is a very easy little sentence, and you can write it without any trouble.'

Chuckie Wuckie brought a pencil and paper; then mamma sat down beside her and printed 'I love you' in beautiful clear, big letters.

'Now, suppose I print it in French. Here it is: "Je t'aime," just as George would say it.'

Chuckie Wuckie went away to her own little desk in her own little room. For two hours, while mamma was packing and arranging things round the house, the little girl sat cutting out bits of paper and writing on them. Mamma was glad to have her busy, because she had so much to do.

Next morning they went away on an early train to the mountains, and with the last hug and kiss which Chuckie Wuckie gave to her papa she whispered, 'You won't forget how much I love you?'

'Papa can never forget that,' said her father, with a big laugh and a tight squeeze.

Then the choo-choo cars came along with their great noise, and papa was left on the platform waving to a little

Being Useful.

(J. E. C. F., in 'Chatterbox.')

'I CAN'T QUITE THREAD MY NEEDLE YET, THEY MAKE THE HOLE SO SMALL.'

I'm only quite a little girl,
  But once was smaller still:
I used to cobble up my work.
  And do it—oh, so ill!

And yet I always took such pains,
  And thought I worked so well!
Perhaps you don't admire it yet,
  Only you will not tell.

I can't quite thread my needle yet,
  They make the hole so small;
Mother's the only one that can.
  For Grannie can't at all.

And Father says he can't see how
  We women ever can:
The needles have such little eyes—
  But then he is a man!

I am but quite a little girl,
  But I am useful too,
For mother says so: I know how
  Quite many things to do.

The cradle I can rock, and sing,
  And carry baby out
A little way, and then I let
  Him creep and trot about.

The dinner I can help to set,
  And put away the tea;
And many things there are to do,
  Just fit for Tom and me.

Sometimes we play at sweeping up
  And making all things neat:
We'd like to set the 'world' to rights,
  And have it clean and sweet!

But people laugh when we say so,
  And say, 'It can't be done;'
But Granny sighs, and says it might,
  If 'each one mended one.'

girl who was throwing kisses at him from the window of a car. On Monday morning Chuckie Wuckie received her first letter from papa. Here is what it said:

'At Home, July 15.

'My Darling Chuckie Wuckie: I have been very busy since you went away; but I must tell you what happened after you had gone. When I came home Tuesday night, I found, under my ink bottle on the library table, a little slip of paper, and printed on it in great big letters was, "I love you." Tucked into my pen wiper was another little "Je t'aime." Inside each slipper I found a little "I love you." Tucked under my blotter was another "I love you." I had to open the telephone book, and a little "I love you" fell out of it. There was a dear little "Je t'aime" in all my dressing-gown pockets; "I love you" curled about the handle of my tooth brush, and another was in my match box. When I went to bed I found "Je t'aime" and "I love you" all over my room—in the bed, under the pillows, everywhere! "I love you" through my neckties. It rained the next morning, and a tiny "Je t'aime" fell out of my umbrella. There were bits of paper which said "I love you" in my rubbers. I'll keep finding "I love you" in some new spot every day till you come home, and every one of them printed by your own dear little hand. What a clever little thought it was to make a poor, lonesome old papa feel happier! No other little five-year-old girl but my Chuckie Wuckie would have thought of it. Now, I must say good-by, with a great big "I LOVE YOU."

'From Papa.'

—'St. Nicholas.'

A Good Play.

We built a ship upon the stairs,
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows,
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, 'Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake'—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on the billows

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Nita's Lesson.

Nita liked to play very much indeed; but she did not at all like to put away her playthings when done with them. One of her favorite pastimes was paper-cutting, and, as you know, this makes a great litter if one is not careful.

Nita had a cunning little pair of blunt-pointed scissors, a scrap-book with cloth leaves faced together in the back, a bottle of nice paste, and lots of pretty pictures to cut out. She had learned how to group the pictures quite tastefully, too, and everyone in the home would have been proud of her skill had she not been so untidy with her work.

One day she was in the sitting-room, cutting and pasting papers and magazines all aroud her on the rug. So busy was she in arranging the pretty pictures that she grew careless with paste and paper, and before long the carpet was littered and smeared all about her.

When dinner was served Nita sprang to her feet, shook the papers from her lap, and tripped off gaily toward the dining-room; but her father, who had been watching her, called her back.

'Daughter,' he said, gravely; 'see what a litter you have left on the floor. Now, my dear, go and get your broom, a basin of water, and a cloth. Sweep the bits of paper into the dust pan, then wash the paste off the carpet with the wet cloth. You must have no dinner until you have finished your work."

Now there was chicken for dinner, also peach cream, and Nita knew it. How hungry she was, and what a bother it was to have to clean up all that rubbish! Sulkily she went after the required articles, and slowly she went to work. What made the troublesome bits of paper stick to the carpet, anyway? and why was paste so hard to come off?

From the dining-room came the cheerful clatter of china and silver, and it made her hungrier still. She just knew someone would eat her favorite pieces of chicken, and the cream would surely melt!

Then she thought of how many times her mother had to do this tiresome work because of her carelessness, and she fell to work in earnest, vowing to herself that never again would she be guilty of this fault.

A little later a chastened and meek little girl with clean face and hair freshly brushed slipped into her place at the table. Mother smiled lovingly, and father nodded kindly to her. Her favorite bits of chicken were brought to her, and how good they looked! A generous dish of peach cream came later, and Nita thought she had never enjoyed her dinner so much. Can you imagine why?—'Gem.'

He Caught the Flies.

Mother put a dish of cornmeal and water by the doorsteps for the little chicks; but they did not come, and the flies all came to have a party.

A hungry toad happened to pass by. 'O, dear,' he thought, 'I want some flies for breakfast, but they will leave if I go there. What shall I do?' He then took another hop and stopped to think a moment.

'I know,' he seemed to say; and can you guess what he did?

He hopped into the middle of the dish, took his hands and patiently rubbed the cornmeal over his body till nothing was to be seen but a lump of cornmeal and a pair of bright black eyes. The flies soon gathered again to eat, but were eaten instead.

Was this not a wise old toad?

—'Primary Education.'

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Temperance

'The Curse': A True Incident.

(F. Willey Turner, in the 'Daily News.')

(Concluded.)

'No, I can't do it; I cannot leave him alone in this wicked city, Benedict. He has sunk very low as it is, but without me ——' She shuddered at the unuttered thought.

'Are things no better, Maggie?' I inquired gently. She shook her head.

'Then how do you manage to live?'

'I work these,' she answered, holding up a beautifully embroidered shirt of finest silk.'

'Sweating, I suppose?'

'No, I can't say it is. I get four and 'x for each shirt and I am allowed my own time. I do two a week and could easily do three if my eyes were not so bad.' I glanced at the fugitive light as it struggled through the patched glass, and marvelled that she could see at all.

'No, it is not sweating,' she went on. 'The manageress at the shop at Clapton is very kind to me, and often pays my tram fare home.'

'And what do you pay for this—this garret?'

'Six shillings a week, and I live every day in fear of being turned out for someone who will pay more.'

'Six shillings a week,' I calculated aloud, 'and nine shillings wages, leaves three shillings for food. Doesn't Harold earn any money?'

'Sometimes, yes; but I need not tell you how it goes,' she said sadly. 'This is what he does now.' She pulled a box from under the bed, and took out an ill-printed, yellow-backed novellete. 'When he wants money, he comes in and writes at these things for days together. He gets twenty, sometimes thirty shillings for them, and then I see nothing of him till the money is gone.'

I turned over the pages of the penny dreadful, and even in that lurid, blood-curdling tale it was easy to detect the facile touch of the skilled penman. The yellow abomination was as the debris of an intellect in ruins. I thought of the bosom friend of my youth, and of the wasted life that was once so fair with promise.

'What a curse drink it!' I said, more to myself than to her. At the words she rose up, her thin frame convulsed with wrath, ungovernable, and fierce. Her nostrils dilated, her hands clenched, her eyes blazed.

'A curse!' she cried; 'it's the curse! There's not a soul in this vile slum but's blasted by it. It taints the very milk in the mother's breasts. It robs us of home and friends and God, and makes a hell of this earth. A curse! There's no curse on the devil's lips like unto it.'

I waited until she grew composed, then spoke of her boy.

'Teddy is well, and at school; he will be here presently.' She put a light to the fire as she spoke.

'Is it wise to keep him here, Maggie?'

She trembled in every limb as she answered, 'No, it is not wise. I know it is not wise, dear friend, but I cannot part with him yet, not just yet. He is the only comfort I have in this hard world; but by and by he shall come. Tell father to be patient with me a little longer. I will save my boy if it costs me my life.' She laid her hand on my arm as I rose to go. 'For the sake of old times, I have told you all,' she said; 'but when you get back, do not bear too hardly on my husband; think of him as he was when you were friends together.'

As I stumbled down the dark and broken staircase, two visions appeared to me, but they seemed too remote to belong to this world. In the first I saw a number of boisterous girls, with rumpled hair and mirthful eyes, dragging their laughing host—Pickwickian fashion—under the mistletoe. It was the night of Maggie's engagement. In the second I saw a white-veiled bride, radiantly happy, kneeling at the communion rail by the side of her handsome husband, and heard again the affectionate intonation of the old pastor.

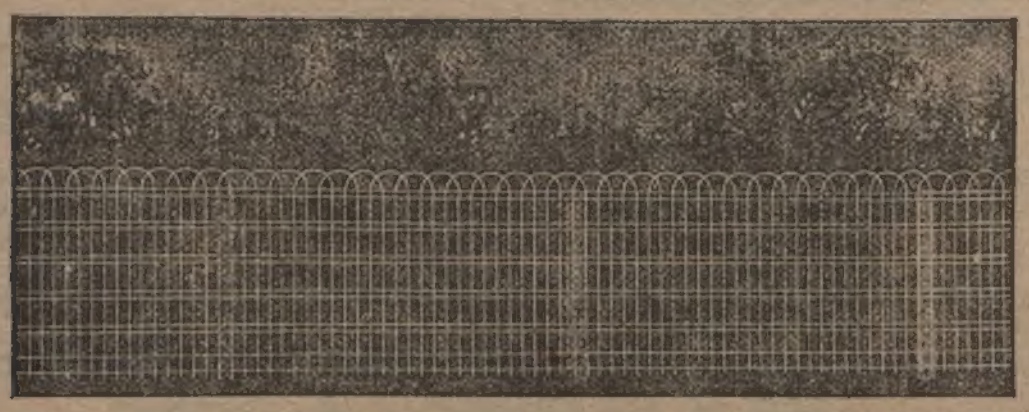
Swallowing a Square Yard of Land.

Capacity of swallow varies very much. Most of us have heard of the American who, after a visit to his doctor, told his companion that he had discovered his saw-mill down his throat, adding that he was going to get another, but the doctor had advised him this time to run it by water. Many a fine estate has gone down a man's throat in drink, and it is about time that working people took some notice of the value of what they are swallowing.

In these days the chief desire of most men is to get a little plot of ground for themselves, on which to build a house, which they can cultivate and call their own.

'WHY NOT GET THIS PLOT OF GROUND?' If you only drink a pint of beer a day, you swallow enough land in a year to build your house on and give you a respectable-sized garden: you swallow 365 square yards of land—a good-sized field—for every time you drink 2d of beer or spirits you swallow a yard of good land.

You think this nonsense? Well, listen for a moment. Take the value of an acre of land at £40 (and you ought to get land for that which, if not swallowed, would give good crops and feed good cattle year after year); in £40 there are 9,600 pennies, so if a drink costs 2d you may put it that in £40 there are 4,800 drinks. Now, in an acre of land there are 4,840 square yards, just a yard a drink. Just keep this in mind, and next time you want a drink say, 'No, I'll keep the land,' and put 2d in a saving's-box, and when you have done this six times, put the 1s into the saving's bank. And when the shillings have accumulated, you will have little difficulty in becoming a landed proprietor, and you can continue the saving till, by means of your building society, you can build a comfortable little cottage. And then continue it, and lay by for old age, so that you can end your days in your own home, amongst your own people, and not in a workhouse.—'Hard Facts Leaflet.'



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Concerning Certain Emotions.

(Mabel Nelson Thurston, in the 'Interior.')

It was a day of low gray skies and sweeping lines of rain, and Philippa's cousin having beaten her way through half a mile of storm to Philippa's door, was met by the announcement that nobody had seen the lady in question for more than an hour.

'She might have gone over to the club, or down town shopping, or to see the lame one or to read to the blind one,' the pink-cheeked maid declared regretfully. 'You see,' with the uncertainty born of a year's experience with Philippa, 'there's so many things she might be doing.'

'I see,' Philippa's cousin replied, 'but I might as well search the house before I go.'

She handed her umbrella and cravenette to the little maid and set out upon her search. Philippa being the object, she neglected no closet on the way—Philippa was, in fact, rather more apt to be found in a closet than anywhere else. But this time Philippa was not in a closet; she was in the middle of the garret floor surrounded by piles of rags. She lifted a glorified face as her cousin's eyes appeared above the railing which guarded the stairway.

'Isn't it delicious!' she exclaimed. 'Don't you remember when we were children, how mother used to come up and pick over rags on rainy days, and we were allowed to choose three apiece, and what a time we had choosing? I wonder why I never thought of doing this before—I haven't had such a good time in ten years. Just hear that rain on the roof!'

'I thought it was raining when I came over,' Philippa's cousin replied significantly. She was tired and a little cross from her search. 'You might at least drop breadcrumbs behind you when you vanish from the face of the earth. It's the proper way,' she said.

Philippa sprang up with an exclamation of delight. 'There are times,' she declared, 'when even the least imaginative have their moments of inspiration—only we won't have

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breadcrumbs but cookies—brown, hot, spicy cookies with raisins in them! Diana shall make some this minute and bring a whole plateful up to us. Now, aren't you sorry you were cross?' and waiting for no reply she darted downstairs, leaving a rainbow-colored trail behind her. In three minutes she was back again, slightly breathless but flushed with success.

'If I were to choose the career of greatest blessing to the world,' she affirmed, 'I should choose to be a cook—a cook of genius and good temper combined. Think of the part you would play in the law and order and happiness of the world—think of the grateful hearts that would accompany your progress through life—think of your independence, your mastery of fate, your artist's joy in your work! Surely there can be no other name that carries a sweeter "perfume in the mention!"'

'What were you doing?' her cousin asked. She was not yet in a mood to discuss ideals.

'Sorting rags—can't you see? Things that would make pretty dolls' clothes here, silks for an old lady who's making a crazy quilt here, flannel and linen for district nurses here, remnants over there. You may help if you want to, but don't do it fast; I don't intend to be cheated out of my morning.'

For five minutes they worked—or played—in silence, the rain blowing gustily upon the roof and against the windows. Then Philippa began.

'I have come to the conclusion,' she asserted, 'that this is the only moral way to do it.'

'The only moral way!' It piqued Philippa's cousin to play the echo, but there were occasions when she could not help it.

'Once upon a time,' Philippa replied, 'when I was young and didn't know any better, I taught a class of boys—ethics, you understand. One day I asked for a definition of charity. I got it. "It's when you have anything you don't want, not to throw it away, but to give it to the poor."' Philippa paused dramatically.

'Well?' prompted her cousin. But her eyes were responsive.

Philippa sighed. 'Oh, you may laugh—it's quite to be expected; but I assure you it has been no laughing matter with me. I had been brought up never to throw things away but to "give them to the poor"; I do not recollect that I had been brought up to feel virtuous whenever I so ministered to charity, but the feeling seemed to come without reaching. I can't think of anything that made me feel so nearly angelic as to clear out my closets and send down to the mission a big bundle of things I "didn't want."'

Philippa's cousin nodded. 'I know,' she said.

'Well, then,' Philippa returned, 'don't you see how my young cynic cut the ground from under my feet? Could anything be more utterly contemptible than to plume yourself upon your goodness when you were not denying yourself a cent's worth of anything?'

'What,' asked Philippa's cousin practically, 'are you going to do about it? Build a storehouse for the things you "don't want," or burn them?'

'Neither,' Philippa returned promptly. 'The question is not of things, but of my emotions. I am regulating my emotions.'

Philippa's cousin put down the silk rags she was sorting and gave her undivided attention to Philippa.

'I am also,' Philippa continued, 'teaching the children to regulate theirs; they, at least, poor lambs, shall not have to unlearn as much as their mother. I teach Philip and Honora that giving away things you don't want is no more a cause for self-complacency than eating your breakfast—it's a simple duty. They may feel virtuous—if they must—over enduring each other's idiosyncrasies, or keeping their things where they belong, or wearing overshoes in damp weather, but never, never, never, over giving away a few unmissed fragments of their comfort to those whose poor, bare, pitiful lives have never imagined the scantiest meaning of the word.

'And you?' Philippa's cousin asked, after a moment when the steady beat of the rain filled the silence.

Philippa looked up laughing. 'I?' she repeated. 'Oh, I can't help having emotions, because I'm made that way, but I am learning to—well—to switch them to the proper lines I may feel virtuous because I've cleared my closets of a lot of stuff I don't want, or because I've been industrious when I wanted to be lazy, or simply because I've had a good time. Do hear that rain—isn't it the loveliest morning?'

The making of fruit juice at home is an easy matter, and one has the assurance that she has the material for dainty desserts at hand in an emergency, at no great cost. To each quart of strawberries, currants, or raspberries add one-half the bulk of sugar and heat in a double-boiler for one hour or longer, until the fruit is very soft. Strain through a jelly bag and heat one hour, but do not allow the juice to boil. Use a thermometer, and see that the juice keeps at about 200 Fahrenheit. Bottle and seal. This fruit juice will require some diluting when used. If the bottles have been thoroughly boiled before pouring in the juice there will be no danger of scouring.

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